

The Pet from Carpet Bagdad

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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
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CHAPTER I.

What's in a Name?

To possess two distinctly alien red corpuscles in one's blood, metaphorically if not in fact, two characters or individualities under one epidermis, is, in most cases, a peculiar disadvantage. One hears of scoundrels and saints striving to consume one another in one body, angels and harpies; but oftentimes, quite the contrary to being a curse, these two warring temperaments become a man's ultimate blessing: as in the case of George P. A. Jones, of Mortimer & Jones, the great metropolitan Oriental rug and carpet company, all of which has a dignified, sonorous sound. George was divided within himself. This he would not have confessed even into the trusted if battered ear of the Egyptian Sphinx. There was, however, no demon-angel sparring for points in George's soul. The difficulty might be set forth in this manner: On one side stood inherent common sense; on the other, a boundless, rosyate imagination which was likewise inherent—a kind of quixotic imagination of suitable modern pattern. This alter ego terrified him whenever it raised its strangely beautiful head and shouldered aside his guardian angel (for that's what common sense is, argue to what end you will) and pleaded in that luminous rhetoric under the spell of which our old friend Sanchez often fell asleep.

P. A. as they called him behind the counters, was but twenty-eight, and if he was vice-president in his late father's shoes he didn't wobble round in them to any great extent. In a crowd he was not noticeable; he didn't stand head and shoulders above his fellow-men, nor would he have been mistaken by near-sighted persons, the myopes, for the Vatican's Apollo in the flesh. He was of medium height, beardless, slender, but tough and wiry and enduring. You may see his prototype on the streets a dozen times a day, and you may also pass him without turning round for a second view. Young men like P. A. must be intimately known to be admired; you did not throw your arm across his neck, first-off. His hair was brown and closely clipped about a head that would have gained the attention of the phrenologist, if not that of the casual passer-by. His bumps, in the phraseology of that science, were good ones. For the rest, he observed the world through a pair of kindly, shy, blue eyes.

Young girls, myopic through ignorance or silliness, seeing nothing beyond what the eyes see, seldom gave him a second inspection; for he did not know how to make himself attractive, and was mortally afraid of the opposite, or opposing sex. He could bullyrag a sheik out of his camels' gaddie-bags, but petticoats and lace jaraols and small Oxford had the same effect upon him that the prodding stick of a small boy has upon a retiring turtle. But many a worldly-wise woman, drawing out with tact and address the truly beautiful thoughts of this young man's soul, sadly demanded of fate why a sweet, clean boy like this one had not been sent to her in her youth. You see, the worldly-wise woman knows that it is invariably the lay-figure and not Prince Charming that a woman marries, and that matrimony is blind-man's buff in grown-ups.

Many of us lay the blame upon our parents. We shift the burden of wondering why we have this fault and lack that grace to the shoulders of our immediate forbears. We go to the office each morning denying that we have any responsibility; we let the boss do the worrying. But George never went prospecting in his soul for any such dross philosophy. He was grateful for having had so beautiful a mother; proud of having had so honest a sire; and if either of them had ended him with false weights he did his best to even up the balance.

The mother had been as romantic as any heroine out of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, while the father had owned to as much romance as one generally finds in a thorough business man, which is practically none at all. The very name itself is a bulwark against the intrusions of romance. One can not lift the imagination to the prospect of picturing a Jones in ruffles and highboots, pinking a varlet in the midriff. It smells of sugar-barrels and cotton-bales, of steamships and railroads, of stolid routine in the office and of placid concern over the daily news under the evening lamp.

Mrs. Jones, lovely, lettered yet not worldly, had dreamed of her boy, bayed and decorated, marrying the most distinguished woman in all Europe, whoever she might be. Mr. Jones had had no dreams at all, and had put the boy to work in the shipping department a little while after the college threshold had been crossed, beyond bound. The mother, while

sweet and gentle, had a way, from under velvet, and when she held out for Percival Algernon and a decent knowledge of modern languages, the old man agreed if, on the other hand, the boy's first name should be George and that he should learn the business from the cellar up. There were several tilts over the matter, but at length a truce was declared. It was agreed that the boy himself ought to have a word to say upon a subject which concerned him more vitally than any one else. So, at the age of fifteen, when he was starting off for preparatory school, he was advised to choose for himself. He was an obedient son, adoring his mother and idolizing his father. He wrote himself down as George Percival Algernon Jones, promised to become a linguist and to learn the rug business from the cellar up. On the face of it, it looked like a big job; it all depended upon the boy.

The first day at school his misery began. He had signed himself as George P. A. Jones, no small diplomacy for a lad; but the two initials, standing up like dismantled pines in the midst of uninteresting landscape, roused the curiosity of his schoolmates. Boys are boys the world over, and possess a finesse in cruelty that only Indians can match; and it did not take them long to unearth the fatal secret. For three years he was Percy Algy, and not only the boys laughed, but the pretty girls sniggered. Many a time he had returned to his dormitory decorated (not in accord with the fond hopes of his mother) with a swollen ear, or a ruddy proboscis, or a green-brown eye. There was a limit, and when they stepped over that, why, he proceeded to the best of his ability to solve the difficulty with his fists. George was no milkop; but Percival Algernon would have been the Old Man of the Sea on broader shoulders than his. He dimly realized that had he been named George Henry William Jones his sun would have been many diameters larger. There was a splendid quality of pluck under his apparent timidity, and he stuck doggedly to it. He never wrote home and complained. What was good enough for his mother was good enough for him.

It seemed just an ordinary matter of routine for him to pick up French and German verbs. He was far from being brilliant, but he was sensitive and his memory was sound. Since his mother's ambition was to see him an accomplished linguist, he applied himself to the task as if everything in the world depended upon it, just as he knew that when the time came he would apply himself as thoroughly to the question of rugs and carpets.

Under all this filial loyalty ran the pure strain of golden romance, side by side with the lesser metal of practicality. When he began to read the masters he preferred their romances to their novels. He even wrote poetry in secret, and when his mother discovered the fact she cried over the sentimental verses. The father had to be told. He laughed and declared that the boy would some day develop into



He Haunted the Romantic Quarters of the Globe; He Was Romantic.

a good writer of advertisements. This quiet laughter, unburdened as it was with ridicule, was enough to set George's muse a-swinging, and she never came back.

After leaving college he was given a modest letter of credit and told to go where he pleased for a whole year. George started out at once in quest of the Holy Grail, and there are more roads to that than there are to Rome. One may be reasonably sure of getting into Rome, whereas the Holy Grail (diversified, variable, innumerable) is always the exact sum of a bunch of hay hanging before old Dobbin's nose. Nevertheless, George galloped his fancies with loose reins. He haunted romance, burrowed and shined for it, and never his spine

clanged musically against the hidden treasure, never a forlorn beauty in distress, not so much as chapter one of the Golden Book offered its dazzling first page. George lost some confidence.

Two or three times a woman looked into the young man's mind, and in his guilelessness they effected sundry holes in his letter of credit, but left his soul singularly untouched. The red corpuscle, his father's gift, though it lay dormant, subconsciously erected barriers. He was innocent, but he was no fool. That one year taught him the lesson, rather cheaply, too. If there was any romance in life, it came uninvited, and if courted and sought was as quick on the wing as that erstwhile poetry must.

The year passed, and while he had not wholly given up the quest, the practical George agreed with the romantic Percival to shelve it indefinitely. He returned to New York with thirty-two pounds sterling out of the original thousand, a fact that rejuvenated his paternal parent by some ten years.

"Jane, that boy is all right. Percival Algernon could not kill a boy like that."

"Do you mean to infer that it ever could?" Sometimes a quail wrinkled her conscience. Her mother's heart told her that her son ought not to be shy and bashful, that it was not in the nature of his blood to suspect ridicule where there was none. Perhaps she had handicapped him with those names; but it was too late now to admit of this, and useless, since it would not have remedied the evil.

Jones hemmed and hawed for a space. "No," he answered; "but I was afraid he might try to live up to it; and no Percival Algernon who lived up to it could put his nose down to a Shah Abbas and tell how many knots it had to the square inch. I'll start him in on the job tomorrow."

Whereupon the mother sat back dreamily. Now, where was the girl worthy of her boy? Monumental question, besetting every mother, from Eve down, Eve, whose trials in this direction must have been heartrending!

George left the cellar in due time, and after that he went up the ladder in bounds, on his own merit, mind you, for his father never stirred a hand to boost him. He took the interest in rugs that turns a buyer into a collector; it became a fascinating pleasure rather than a business. He became invaluable to the house, and acquired some fame as a judge and an appraiser. When the chief-buyer retired George was given the position, with an itinerary that carried him half way round the planet once a year, to Greece, Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and India, the lands of the genii and the bottles, of arabesques, of temples and tombs, of many-colored turbans and flowing robes and distracting tongues. He walked and always in a kind of mental enchantment.

The suave and elusive Oriental, with his sharp practices, found his match in this pleasant young man, who knew the history of the very wools and cottons and silks woven in a rug or carpet. So George prospered, became known in strange places, by strange peoples; and saw romance, light of foot and eager of eye, pass and re-pass; learned that romance did not essentially mean falling in love or rescuing maidens from burning houses and wrecks; that, on the contrary, true romance was kaleidoscopic, having more brilliant facets than a diamond; and that the man who begins with nothing and ends with something is more wonderful than any excursion recounted by Sinbad or any tale by Scheherazade. But he still hoped that the iridescent goddess would some day touch his shoulder and lead him into that maze of romance so peculiar to his own fancy.

And then into this little world of business and pleasure came death and death again, leaving him alone and with a twisted heart. Riches mattered little, and the sounding title of vice-president still less. It was with a distinct shock that he realized the mother and the father had been with him so long that he had forgotten to make other friends. From one thing to another he turned in hope to soothe the smart, to heal the wound; and after a time he drifted, as all shy, intelligent and imaginative men drift who are friendless, into the silent and intimate comradeship of inanimate things, such as jewels, ivories, old metals, rare woods and ancient embroideries, and perhaps more comforting than all these, good books.

The proper tale of how the afore-said iridescent goddess jostled (for it scarce might be said that she led) him into a romance lacking neither comedy nor tragedy, now begins with a trifling bit of retrospection. One of those women who were not good and who looked into the clear pool of the boy's mind saw the harmless longing there, and made note, hoping to find profit by her knowledge when the pertinent day arrived. She was a woman so pleasing, so handsome, so adroit, that many a man, older and wiser than George, found her mesh too strong for him. Her plan matured, suddenly and brilliantly, as projects of men and women of her class and caliber without variation do.

Late one December afternoon (to be precise, 1909), George sat on the tea-veranda of the Hotel Semiramis in Cairo. A book lay idly upon his knees. It was one of those yarns in which something was happening every other minute. As adventures go, George had never had a real one in all his twenty-eight years, and he believed that fate had treated him rather shabbily. He didn't quite appreciate his reserve. No matter how late he wandered through the mysterious bazaars, either here in Egypt or over yonder in India, nothing ever beat more exciting than an argument

with a carriage-driver. He never carried small-arms, for he would not have known how to use them. The only deadly things in his hands were bass-roads and tennis-racquets. No, nothing ever happened to him; yet he never met a man in a ship's smoke-room who hadn't run the kamut of thrilling experiences. As George wasn't a liar himself, he believed all he saw and most of what he heard.

Well, here he was, eight-and-twenty, a pocket full of money, a heart full of life, and as hopeless an outlook, so far as romance and adventure were concerned, as an old maid in a New England village. Why couldn't things befall him as they did the chap in this book? He was sure he could be as well, if not better; for this fellow was too handsome, too brave, too strong, not to be something of an ass once in a while.

"George, you old fool, what's the use?" he thought. "What's the use of a desire that never goes in a straight line, but always round and round in a circle?"

He thrust aside his grievance and surrendered to the never-ending wonder of the Egyptian sunset; the Nile feluccas, riding upon perfect reflection's loneliness. If only he had had a dog; but one can not carry a dog half way round the world and back, at least not with comfort. What with all these new-fangled quarantine laws, duties, and fussy ships' officers who wouldn't let you keep the animal in your state-room, traveling with a four-footed friend was almost an impossibility. To be sure, women with poodles. . . . And then, there was the bitter of acid in the knowledge that no one ever came up to him and slapped him on the shoulder with a— "Hello, George, old sport; what's the good word?" for the simple fact that his shoulder was always bristling with spikes, born of the fear that some one was making fun of him.

Percance his mother's spirit, hovering over him this evening, might have been inclined to tears. For they do say that the ghosts of the dear ones are thus employed when we are seen to committing some folly, or to exploring some forgotten chamber of Pandora's box, or worse still, when that lady intends emptying the whole contents down upon our unfortunate heads. If so be, they were futile tears; Percival Algernon had accomplished its deadly purpose.

Pandora? Well, then, for the benefit of the children. She was a lady who was an intimate friend of the mythological gods. They liked her appearance so well that they one day gave her a box, casket, chest, or whatever it was, to guard. By some marvelous method, known only of gods, they had got together all the trials and tribulations of mankind (and some of the joys) and locked them up in this casket. It was the Golden Age, as you may surmise. You recall Eve and the apple? Well, Pandora was a forecast of Eve; she couldn't keep her eyes off the latch, and at length her hands—Fatal curiosity! Whirl! And everything has been at sixes and at sevens since that time. Pandora is eternally recurring, now here, now there; she is a blonde sometimes, and again she is a brunette; and you may take it from George and me that there is always something left in the casket.

George closed the book and consulted his sailing-list. In a short time he would leave for Port Said, thence to Naples, Christmas there, and home in January. Business had been ripping. He would be jolly glad to get home again, to renew his comradeship with his treasures. And, by Jove! there was one man who slapped him on the shoulder, and he was no less a person than the genial president of the firm, his father's partner, at present his own. If the old chap had had a daughter now. . . . And here one comes at last to the bottom of the sack. He had only one definite longing, a healthy human longing, the only longing worth while in all this deep, wide, round old top; to love a woman and by her be loved.

At exactly half after six the gentleman with the reversible cuffs arrived; and George missed his boat.

This Girl Was Elegant, in Dress, in Movement.

tions; the date-palms, black and motionless against the translucent blue of the sky; the smoky prism of the Pyramids, and the deepening gold of the desert's brim. He loved the Orient, always so new, always so strange, yet ever so old and familiar.

A carriage stopped in front, and his gaze naturally shifted. There is ceaseless attraction in speculating about new-comers in a hotel, what they are, what they do, where they come from, and where they are going. A fine elderly man of fifty got out. In the square set of his shoulders, the flowing white mustache and imperial, there was a suggestion of militarism. He was immediately followed by a young woman of twenty, certainly not over that age. George sighed wistfully. He envied those polo-players and gentleman-riders and bridge-experts who were stopping at the hotel. It wouldn't be an hour after dinner before some one of them found out who she was and spoke to her in that easy style which he concluded must be a gift rather than an accomplishment.

You mustn't suppose for a minute that George wasn't well-born and well-bred, simply because his name was Jones. Many a Fitz-Hugh Maurice or Hugh Fitz-Maurice might have been— But, no matter. He knew instinctively, then, what elegance was when he saw it, and this girl was elegant, in dress, in movement. He rather liked the pallor of her skin, which hinted that she wasn't one of those athletic girls who bounced in and out of the dining-room, talking loudly and smoking cigarettes and playing bridge for sixpenny points. She was tall. He was sure that her eyes were on the level with his own. The grey veil that drooped from the rim of her simple Leghorn hat to the tip of her nose obscured her eyes, so he could not read that they were large and brown and indefinitely sad. They spoke not of a weariness of travel, but of a weariness of the world, more precisely, of the people who inhabited it.

She and her companion passed on into the hotel, and if George's eyes veered again toward the desert over which the stealthy purples of night were creeping, the impulse was mechanical; he saw nothing. In truth, he was desperately lonesome, and he knew, moreover, that he had no business to be. He was young; he could at a pinch tell a joke as well as the next man; and if he had never had what he called an adventure, he had seen many strange and wonderful things and could describe them with that mental afterglow which still lingers over the sunset of our first expressions in poetry. But there was always that hydra-headed monster, for ever getting about his feet, numbing his voice, paralyzing his hands, and never he lopped off a head that another did not instantly grow in its place. Even the sword of Perseus could not have saved him, since one has to get away from an object in order to cut it down.

Had he really ever tried to overcome this monster? Had he not waited for the propitious moment (which you and I know never comes) to throw off this species from Hades? It is all very well, when you are off and dried up, to turn to ivories and metals and precious stones; but when a fellow's young! You can't shake hands with an ivory replica of the Taj Mahal, nor exchange pleasantries with a Mandarin's ring, nor yet confide joys and ills into a casket of rare emeralds; indeed, they do but emphasize

one's loneliness. If only he had had a dog; but one can not carry a dog half way round the world and back, at least not with comfort. What with all these new-fangled quarantine laws, duties, and fussy ships' officers who wouldn't let you keep the animal in your state-room, traveling with a four-footed friend was almost an impossibility. To be sure, women with poodles. . . . And then, there was the bitter of acid in the knowledge that no one ever came up to him and slapped him on the shoulder with a— "Hello, George, old sport; what's the good word?" for the simple fact that his shoulder was always bristling with spikes, born of the fear that some one was making fun of him.

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(Continued next week.)

SHIP'S CAT REFUSES TO SAIL

Reuben, a Monster Yellow Tom, Deserts Vessel and Crew is Superstitious.

Bangor.—Something new in sea superstition is just now engaging the attention of the Grand Banks fishermen who sail from Bangor and Bangor. The facts are plain as day, but whether they mean good luck or bad no one has as yet been able to decide.

The sum and substance of it all is that Reuben, the monster white-and-yellow tomcat of the Bangor Grand Banker Lizzie Griffin has deserted—mutilated, in fact. He was born of a seafaring mother on board the schooner four years ago, and has sailed on her every season since, including berring trips to Newfoundland. But this spring, after a visit at the warehouse of the vessel's owners in Bangor, he manifested a strong aversion to the sea and declined to go to Bangor to join the vessel. Captain Anderson had no idea of losing his pet and mascot, and so Reuben was put into a covered market basket and taken to Bangor as a prisoner.

Once on board the vessel, however, he glared savagely about, aloof and aloof, and then made a flying leap to the pier. Again and again was Reuben brought back on board, fifteen times in all, but every time he managed to escape and get back to the pier. Finally they put him in a box and fastened the cover securely, as they thought. Then the schooner's stern lines were cast off and she swung out into the stream, but the bow hawser was still out, and before it could be cast off Reuben managed in some mysterious way to get out of his prison box and in an instant was over the bows, treading the hawser like a tight rope performer and reaching the pier safely. So they had to let him go, and now he is back in Bangor, at the Jones fish house, where he spends the nights in chasing wharf rats and gossiping with the dispirited Toms and Tabs of Broad street.

Now, when rats desert a vessel, the crew all want to quit, for that is a sign of bad luck. To bring a black cat on board is also bad luck. The question is, "What sort of luck follows desertion and mutiny by a white and yellow cat—a regular sailor cat that can go aloft as quickly as any man?"

Farmers have awakened to the folly of the so-called blessings of a protective tariff.

Winning with Wilson means more than a mere Democratic victory; it means restoring real government.

CIGARETTES ARE BAD FOR WOMEN

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson Has Declined Views on Subject.

A CONFUSION OF NAMES

Wife of Democratic Candidate Opposes Out Letter Taking Strong Stand on Smoking Habit.

New York.—For the first time since Woodrow Wilson became the Democratic presidential candidate has Mrs. Wilson appeared. She attended in person her husband's daily conference with reporters, although heretofore she has made special requests that she be not quoted nor written about in the papers.

What Mrs. Wilson wished to have fully understood was that if she becomes the first lady of the land she will not, as has been said in a widely distributed interview, have packages of cigarettes in her personal desk at the White House and indulge in smoking them with her callers.

Through Governor Wilson, Mrs. Wilson asked that publicity be given to a letter she had written to the editor of the State Journal at Columbus, O., repudiating an alleged interview with her in which she defended cigarette smoking for women. The interview had come to her in a letter signed "American Citizen," which said:

"Dear Madam—I can scarcely think of any greater calamity to the young women of the nation than to read such a proclamation as your interview offers them. I am a workingman, and I see men lose their jobs almost every day because they are incapacitated for work by the use of the cigarette. If smoking does this for strong men what will it do for girls and women?"

The "interview" was indeed a cordial endorsement of the woman smoker. Here are some of its assuring phrases, all credited to Mrs. Wilson:

"A woman writer for a syndicate of Sunday newspapers asked Mrs. Woodrow Wilson if she agreed with Gertrude Atherton's opinion of the smoking of cigarettes by women. She smilingly exhibited three cigarette boxes piled in the corner of her desk, all but empty."

"Why shouldn't a woman smoke if she enjoys it?" she queried.

"Why hasn't she just as much right to a cigarette as a man? Certainly I agree with Mrs. Atherton that any existing prejudice against women smoking is to the last silly and absurd."

"Smoking cigarettes is a question of manners, not morals. It promotes good fellowship."

"Some women feel that a cigarette calms their nerves and helps their brains into working order. Personally smoking diffuses my thoughts instead of concentrating them. I enjoy it as I enjoy after dinner coffee. Both are pleasant ways of ending and finishing a day, both add to conviviality and good fellowship."

The editor of the Ohio State Journal, it was clear, had been much incensed at the apologies for the cigarette habit among women attributed to Mrs. Wilson, as he wrote on Aug. 19 an editorial in which he called for the defeat of Governor Wilson or a repudiation from his wife. If there was no mistake about it, he wrote, "Mrs. Woodrow Wilson shouldn't be mistress of the White House."

If the Ohio editor was emphatic Mrs. Wilson was certainly not less so. After the reporters had said they would gladly publish her letter to the Ohio editor she asked for an hour's time in which to write one. This was what she prepared:

"Dear Sir—I have just received a copy of the Journal with your editorial entitled 'Smoking Women,' and I beg leave to deny indignantly the statement that I approve of women smoking cigarettes. The interview upon which your editorial was based is a pure invention. I intensely dislike the cigarette smoking habit for women—in fact, so strong is my feeling on the subject that my real danger lies in being unjust and unkind in my judgment of those who differ with me in this respect."

"But certainly no woman in our household ever has or ever will smoke, quite apart from the bad taste of it. I believe with you that it has an extremely injurious effect on the nerves."

"ELLEN A. WILSON."
(Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.)

Governor Wilson, in approving the letter sent out by Mrs. Wilson, offered what he thought might prove an explanation for the interview.

"I do not think it was maliciously invented," he said. "There is a rather well known writer who signs herself Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, and she no doubt has been confused with Mrs. Wilson."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow was formerly married to a relative of Governor Wilson, and it is understood that her views on the matter of women who smoke are different from those held in the household of the Democratic candidate.

It is reported that papers which are supporting the bull moose have ordered extra fonts of "Is." And they will be needed when money gets so tight.

Wonder how the colonel likes being an autocrat?